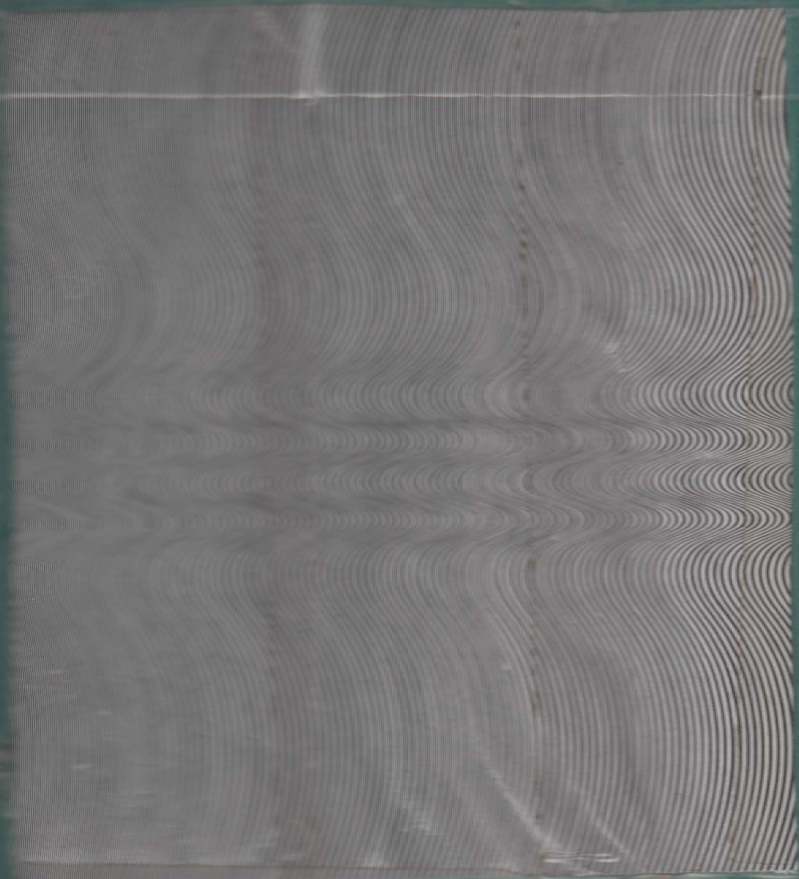


1998 307

RECORD



National
LAW

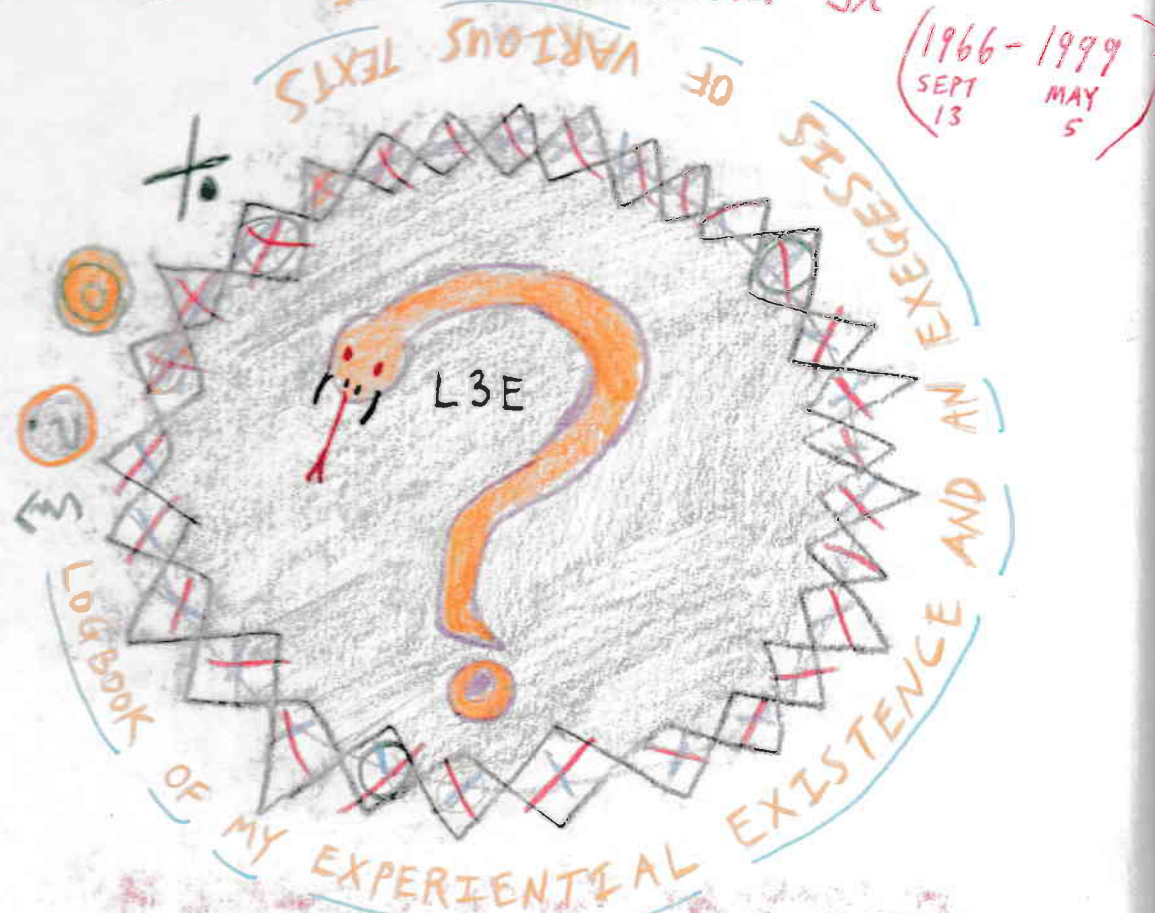
56
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L3E: cybergnostic - mutant

Dedicated to Vito J. Minichini Jr



IN THE SPIRIT OF BRAINWAVES & SCIENCE AS A WAY OF
~~IN THE TRADITION OF THE BOOK OF LIFE~~



~~X~~ Michael William Hentrich 1967 -
L3E 1978

	JULIAN day	Gregorian date
BEGIN:	2451121	03 November 1998
END:	2451327	28 May 1999

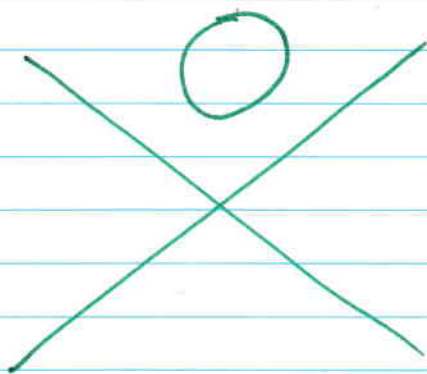


logbook of my experiential existence -
 and an exegesis of various texts
 "My Organism's Response To The Human Condition"

logbook EEE: 1998 307

... 1999 148

cybergnostic - mutant





LOGBOOKS OF MY EXPERIENTIAL EXISTENCE

511

394T

FROM TO
YEAR MONTH , YEAR MONTH

TYPE

notes

(78)

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57	1998 APR , 1999 MAY		h 500 p
56	1998 MAR , APR		s 200 p Mead
55	1998 JAN , FEB		s 200 p Mead
54	1998 JAN		s 200 p
53	1997 NOV , DEC	Rehab	s 200 p
52	1997 JUNE , NOV	County Jail	15 12" legal pads
51	1997 JUNE		s 200 p
	1997 MAY		s 200 p
	LOG of LOGS 1997 , ?	log of diaries	h 350 p
	1997 MAR , MAY		h 350 p
	1996 DEC , 1997 MAR		h 175 p
	1996 OCT , DEC		h 175 p
	1996 FEB , SEP	Y	h 500 p.
	1995 APR , 1996 JAN	B	h 500 p.
	1994 FEB , 1995 APR	X	h 500 p
	1993 DEC , 1994 FEB		s 250 p
	1993 SEP , DEC		s 250 p
	1993 MAY , SEP		s 250 p
	1993 MAR , APR	" Scribbles 1 "	h 200 p
	see Mathematical Notebooks		
	1993 FEB , MAR	second half *	s 175 p (2nd)
	1993 JAN , FEB	second half **	s 175 p (2nd)
	1992 FEB , 1992 DEC , 1993 JAN		h 160 p
	1992 NOV , DEC		h 160 p
	1992 OCT , NOV		h. 160 p
	1992 AUG , SEP		h. 160 p.
	1992 JUNE , AUG		s 300 p
	1992 APR , JUNE		s 250 p
	1992 MAR , APR		s 300 p
	1992 FEB	first half *	s 175 p
	1991 DEC	first half **	s 175 p
	1991 OCT , NOV		s 250 p
	1991 SEP , OCT		s 250 p
	1991 SEP		s 80 p
	1991 AUG		s 80 p
	1991 MAR , AUG		s 175 p
	1991 JAN , MAR		s 250 p

FROM TO NOTES TYPE
YEAR, MONTH, YEAR, MONTH

1990 DEC, 1991 JAN		loose	50 p
1990 JUNE, DEC		s	350 p
1990 JAN, JUN		s	350 p
1989 AUG, 1990 JAN		s	350 p
1989 AUG, 1990 OCT	Dream Recall	s	350 p
1989 APR, AUG		s	350 p
1988 DEC, 1989 APR		s	350 p
1988 OCT, DEC	Wharton Tract	s	350 p
1988 AUG, OCT	"	s	350 p
1988 JUNE, AUG	J	s	350 p
1988 MAY, JUNE	A	s	200 p
1988 APRIL	I	s	175 p
1988 MAR ₃	L	s	130 p
1988 MAR ₂		s	100 p
1988 FEB ₂		s	100 p
1988 FEB ₁		s	100 p
1988 JAN		s	100 p
1987 DEC, 1988 JAN	loose legal pads?		
1987 NOV, 1988 1988 MAR	mixed	s	200 p
1987 NOV	b/h/b	s	200 p
1987 OCT		s	300 p
1987 SEP		s	300 p
1987 AUG		s	275 p
1981 to 1986	LOST, SET ON FIRE, etc		0 = 00

For more details concerning various titles
and serial numbers, see pages 508 to 512
of logbook EE 1978 APR, also
known as PENETRALIA

Michael William Foster

What Is "L3E"?

L3E = logbook
of my experiential existence
AND
an exegesis of various texts

OR

My Organism's Response To The Human Condition

LOGBOOK OF MY EXPERIENTIAL EXISTENCE AND AN EXEGESIS OF VARIOUS TEXTS → "L3E"

I have been "keeping a diary" since I was 13.
That was 1980. I lost or destroyed
all my diary material that was written prior to
August 1987. See "L3E 1998 110" pages 508-512
for a detailed list of my diary material, -
all grandfathered in to what I
collectively refer to as L3E (the Logbooks).
I am writing this introduction before I
actually begin transcribing my thoughts onto the
paper herein. I am currently
still in "L3E 1998 110" @ p 452. I
have just now made a conscious decision to
write to future generations rather than just
to myself. I may imagine myself
rejected by society, my peers, and
my contemporaries; but I believe there
will be a few minds that will
benefit from browsing through my exegesis,
especially in the L3E's I write in
beyond this book and beyond - for now
I will write with the awareness
that I am dead as you read these
words. I have no reason to lie.
I will expose the ugly for what it is.

c. Now a quick warm up - a number systems review:

RADIX

2 \rightarrow 16

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} 1 & 1 & 0 & 1 & 0 & 0 & 1 & 1 \\ 13 & & & 3 & & & & \end{array} \Rightarrow D3_{16}$$

$$\begin{array}{ccccccc} 1 & 0 & 1 & 0 & 1 & 0 & 1 & 1 & 0 & 0 & 1 \\ 5 & & 5 & & & 9 & & & & & \end{array} \Rightarrow 559_{16}$$

16 \rightarrow 2

$$A34C \Rightarrow 1010 \ 0011 \ 0100 \ 1100$$

$$D2FB \Rightarrow 1110 \ 0010 \ 1111 \ 1011$$

16 \rightarrow 10

ABC

$$\begin{array}{l} | \quad | \quad | \\ | \quad | \quad 1 \\ | \quad | \quad 12(16^0) \rightarrow 12 \\ | \quad | \quad 11(16^1) \rightarrow 176 \\ | \quad 10(16^2) \rightarrow \} \\ | \quad 10(256) \rightarrow \} \end{array} \begin{array}{r} 2560 \\ \underline{2748} \end{array}$$

43 D2

$$\begin{array}{l} | \quad | \quad | \quad | \\ | \quad | \quad | \quad 1 \\ | \quad | \quad | \quad 2(16^0) \rightarrow 122 \\ | \quad | \quad 13(16^1) \rightarrow 208 \\ | \quad 3(16^2) \rightarrow 768 \\ 4(16^3) \rightarrow 4(4096) \rightarrow 16384 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 13 \\ 16 \\ \hline 198 \\ 130 \\ \hline 208 \\ 256 \\ 3 \\ \hline 768 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 32 \\ 4096 \\ 4 \\ \hline 16384 \end{array}$$

~~Now~~ 2 \rightarrow 10

$$110101 \rightarrow 2^5 + 2^4 + 0 + 2^2 + 0 + 2^0 \rightarrow 32 + 16 + 4 + 1 = 53$$

$$100101 \rightarrow 2^5 + 0 + 0 + 2^2 + 0 + 2^0 = 32 + 4 + 1 = 37$$

10 \rightarrow 16

85₁₀

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \\ 16 \overline{) 85} \\ \underline{80} \\ 5 \end{array}$$

55₁₆

$$\begin{array}{r} 16 \overline{) 85} \\ \underline{16} \\ 5 \\ 16 \overline{) 5} \\ \underline{16} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

347₁₀

$$\begin{array}{r} 16 \overline{) 347} \\ \underline{16} \\ 21 \\ 16 \overline{) 21} \\ \underline{16} \\ 5 \\ 16 \overline{) 5} \\ \underline{16} \\ 0 \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 21 \\ 16 \overline{) 347} \\ \underline{32} \\ 27 \\ 16 \\ \underline{11} \end{array}$$

15B₁₆

01810 hours: Within ten minutes - after my organism moves its bowels - I will drive over to college. All I can do, while waiting for the test, is look over my programs. I am very excited about this test. What is wrong with me happens to be what is right with me. Something is changing deep inside me... I am ~~to~~ once again drawn to the early music of Kate Bush - stronger even than back in 1986 when I lived "with" Lisa... I am not afraid to "feel". I do not think of myself as a freak because I feel so passionately alive while manipulating hexadecimal numbers and learning about cybernetics. How could I feel like a ~~o~~ freak? This is real.

02215 hours: That test was a real brain burner. I spoke with Mark Weisberg, the instructor, after I took the test. He was in the hall outside the classroom when I came out of the rest room. He said that no one has ever aced that test, that he usually curves it about 10 to 20 points, and that the material is difficult. He said that if one understands assembler language and the concepts (architectural) that it invokes, one can learn any language. I confided in him that I ^{can} really enjoy the class - and he knew I was not bullshitting. Tonight I will be reviewing and studying C; but studying BAZ has given me such an understanding of registers that, after the FUNCTIONS/ARRAYS test, when I study POINTERS, I will GROK.

02300 hours: I can't figure it out, but when I combine
Kate Bush's "Suspended In Gaffa" with my discussion
with Marr Weisberg and my deepening understanding
of computer science, I really want to
transcend anti-Semitism. I no longer
find it appropriate. It makes one seem ignorant.
I do not want to be a hypocrite or
a phony. I just want to "have it all"
in the sense that I want to be true
to my racial presence while at the same time
making peace with ancient enemies. Can't I
have it all? After all, Weisberg seemed to
be genuine in his endeavors to teach
me BAL. He does not hold any
"ARYAN"-NESS against me - nor do I
hold his "JEWISH"-NESS against
him. Why should we?
Transcending prejudices and stereotypes is to
live with a consciousness of abstracting.
Korymboski wrote about this in Science and Sanity.
 x_1 is not x_2 $A \neq A \rightarrow A$
 $Jew_1 \neq Jew_2$ $Aryan_3 \neq Aryan_6$
 $MHentrich_{1997} \neq MHentrich_{1999}$ I can see!
I feel like Ebenezer Scrooge on Christmas
morning after a night with the ghosts
that I would actually be quite
embarrassed were Weisberg to be made
aware of my 1997 psychosis. I am
changing. I am becoming human!
"It all goes so ... Am I
suspended in gaffa? Can I have it
all now?" I like who I am
becoming. Knowledge is good for one's
soul. "I can't have it all ...
I don't know why I'm crying. Could I
be suspended in Gaffa?" KATE BUSH
(recorder of the changes).
Now if I could only get beyond
my anti-Catholicism, anti-Christian, anti-Muslim.
Let's face it. I am an anti-Semite who likes Jews!

NOW...
FOR
2
MOVE
OPEN
IT
LEAVE
RIGHT!
CAN'T BE
THIS

0230 hours: This is what I do at 3AM. Listen.
I write what I wish to read. I don't want to
read 5000 pages of terminologically difficult stuff.
I want CONCEPTS! What fascinates me
are concepts. This CONCEPTUALITY may be
the only way to merge with the general
complexities of the information age.
For instance, Consider the concept
of a function in C. A function is
a procedure, a subroutine, a
program, a module... Not once has
the instructor or text book mentioned the
MATHEMATICAL ROOTS OF THE CONCEPT
OF A FUNCTION.

The CLASSIC use of a function is in
the form $y = f(x)$ where "f" is
some function, "x" is the variable or
parameter on which it operates, and "y"
is the result. A function call, in a
computer language, takes a similar form:

$y = \text{sqrt}(x);$

$\text{sqrt}()$ is the "function", x is the value
passed to $\text{sqrt}()$ as a parameter, and
the result, the "return value" is
stored in y.

A function is at once a control statement,
an operation statement, and an operand.
Because it is an operand (it can be on the
right side of the assignment operator), it can
be passed as a parameter within another
function: $y = \sin(\text{sqrt}(x));$

In a structured environment, everything is a
function, from the smallest detail of operation
to the main program itself. Knowing when
functionality is perceived is a matter of art,
intuition, and style. I will be one of a cluster.

0400 hours: Yes, like Philip K. Dick before me - and how many countless other insomniacs - I am still awake. I do some of my best thinking in the late night as it verges on the morning.

The wind howls outside as November rain brings in the eerie cold mixed with warmth. We stand on the shoulders of giants. The agricultural revolution paved the way for the Industrial revolution. I am fed and I am kept cozy, encapsulated from the elements (and heated) by fossil fuels. Now we are in the Information Age. Data is how we use it, but, just the same, binary is the only language a computer understands. All computer languages besides machine code - even assembly language - are poised at the boundary between human and machine and are an attempt to improve communications between humans and machines.

Computer languages - no matter how "high" have rigid formulations and precise syntax. The very STRUCTURES which make such languages comprehensible to a computer also make them obscure to a human being. This is where I want to end tonight's session with a very crucial COMMENT. It brings around full circle my theme of honesty. Programming is an incredibly complex process, and to deny this, or to act as though writing code were easy, is to announce being a jackass or idiot. The asshole who races through a project in a mad fury will be cursed in the future. The single most important statement in a computer language is the text embedded in the source code that will be ignored by the machine. The COMMENTS communicate to

$$*(\&X) = X$$

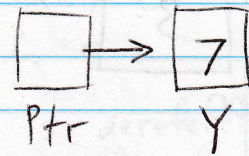
Here are some tid-bits line from the internet :

"Pointers are variables used to store the address of another memory location."

"Pointers provide indirect access to a value stored in memory."

"Using the address stored in a pointer to access a value stored in that address is called DEREFERENCING the pointer."

	ADDRESS	CONTENTS	
	10A0	2000	← POINTER
NAME	2000	5	
Ptr	1000	1008	
X	1004	5	
Y	1008	7	



declaration of a pointer object (variable) `int *Ptr;`
 this declares an object (variable) called `Ptr` which can contain the ADDRESS of an integer object.

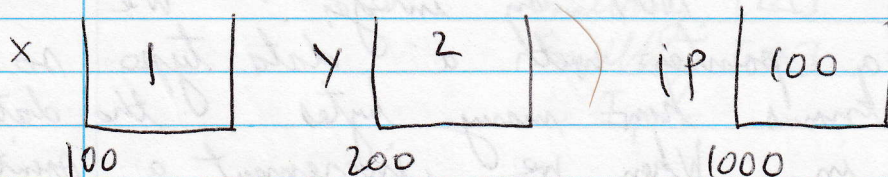
pointer assignment :
`int X = 5;`
`int Y = 7;`
`Ptr = &Y;` // `&Y` is address of `Y`

dereferencing operator : `*` is opposite of `&`
`*Ptr` → 7.

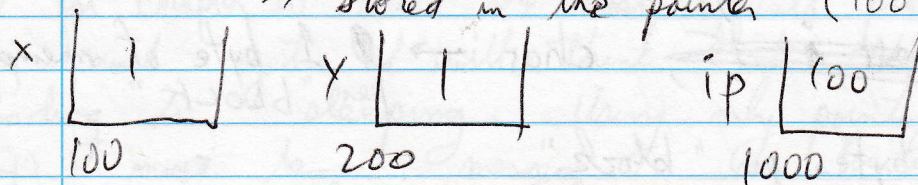
consider what is going on at the machine level:

```

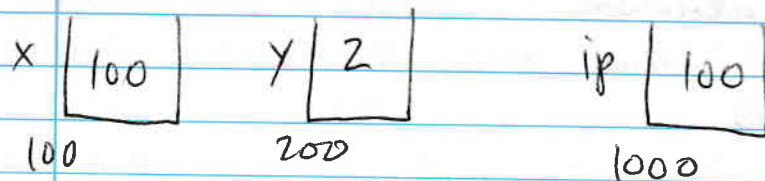
int X = 1, Y = 2;
int *ip;
ip = &X;
  
```



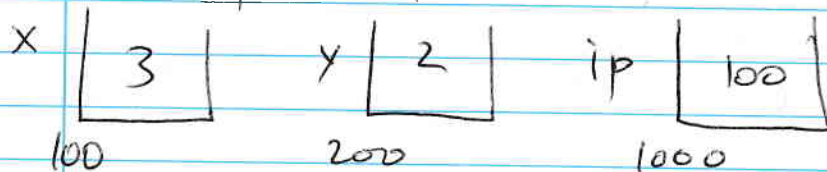
`Y = *ip;` // access VALUE stored in address that is stored in the pointer (100 → 1) → `Y`



$x = ip;$ // ip stores an address



$*ip = 3;$ // value to be stored at address stored in pointer
// ip address 100 $\rightarrow x$



a pointer has to be declared before it can store the address of a variable:

```
int *ip;  
int x;  
ip = &x;  
*ip = 100;
```

Remember, see $*ip = 100;$ read assign the value of 100 to the address stored in ip .
Read from RIGHT TO LEFT.

This is real. Math is real. cybernetics is real, and applied mathematics is real.
I am not a joke. Yes, I am real.

A pointer IS an address in memory, hence a pointer IS NOT an integer. We associate a pointer with a data type so that it knows how many bytes the data is stored in. When we increment a pointer ($(*ip)++$) we increase the pointer by one "block" memory.

~~int *ptr, i = 15;~~ char \rightarrow 1 byte of memory per "block".

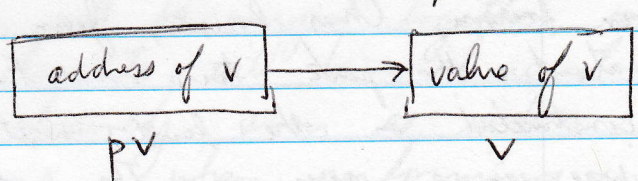
int \rightarrow 2 bytes per "block"
float \rightarrow 4 bytes per "block"

MBER
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Realizing that pointers represent the location, rather than the value, of data, how will I fill two arrays?

The dereferencing operator could be used to store the value at the address in the pointer.

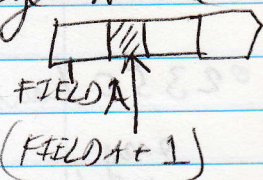
```
int *pv;  
int v;  
pv = &v;
```



$$v = *pv$$

remember * gives access to the value at the address that is stored in the pointer. Since the address of v is, &v, is in pv, then $*pv = v$.

Notice: An array name is really a pointer to the first element in the array. If x is an array, then the address of the first array element can be expressed as either $\&x[0]$ or simply as x. The address of the second array element can be written as $\&x[1]$ or as $(x + 1)$. In general, the address of array element $(i + 1)$ can be expressed as either $\&x[i]$ or $(x + i)$. This has a resemblance to assembler language where we reference $FIELD + 1$ to mean $(FIELD + 1)$. I can see how BAL will help me with one of the more advanced concepts of C programming.



Because $\&x[i]$ and $(x + i)$ both represent the address of the i th element of x, then $x[i]$ and $*(x + i)$ both represent the CONTENTS OF THAT ADDRESS — the value of the i th element of x.

I am very sleepy. Much "went down" today. I will sleep very well. I may be better for than most professional programmers as I have not yet lost THE BEGINNER'S MIND. To me, there is aesthetic beauty in writing $\&x[i]$ and thinking the address of the i th element of x.

1998355

X

MO 21 DEC

01:30 hrs >> At least I gave it all I had with trying to install Netmangge's Internet Chameleon. I think that lack of PAP enabling was not the only problem, and that my 8250 UART rated serial card is going to become a real issue to deal with with cold hard hard-to-come-by cash.

The George Orwell of 1999... why? - because I am poor, intelligent, a writer/scholar, and most importantly - a man at odds with ~~the~~ the world who desperately tries to see things as they are as opposed to seeing things through the ego.

The computer is a great example. I purchased it back in 1993, during the calm before the storm. I am grateful to even have that computer.

How could I spit on it? I have done nothing but improve upon it - and yet, the mother board herself is very limited. Yes, I am "stuck" with an old 80486SX 25 MHz; and yet I would be heartbroken were it to be taken from me. I utilize every bit of its 800,000,000 bits - which is only 0.8 Gigabytes.

"Nowadays" people get ~~cars~~ harddrives of sizes like 16 Gigabytes!

My poor sister, who has the same machine as I do - 80486SX 25MHz - only has her original 128Mb hard drive and 4M of Random Access Memory.

Back in 1995 I purchased 4 more megabyte of RAM at \$ 100.00 per MEG!

Now - if one is fortunate enough to have a motherboard to hold them - one can purchase 64 Megabytes of RAM for less than what I paid for 1 M in 1995!

355
While the military is bombing Iraq, the heads of "the Modern Empire" called USA are impeaching the figure head Clinton who has been made a fool of by society at large. I pity him for tragedy is in the House. I really do hope the inner man can be strong through this squashing of the outer man's ego. While this individual man is going through his fall now, I experience my own little FALL last year at this time when the State saw that my employment with the State Park Service would HAVE TO BE forfeited because of the bizarre arrest of my alter ego, that wild jew ~~monkey~~ hating drunken monkey. I have fallen, but not so far - I am still able to hold my head high. What would I have done without the grant to continue my education in computer science (the ascendant of cybernetics)?

I do believe that the poor are truly BLESSED precisely because their is the KINGDOM OF HEAVEN WITHIN their own pain. Buying happiness is not an option for the poor. If a poor individual is to have any happiness at all, he/she is to develop it all from a state of Mind - This state of Mind is what the "holy man" calls the Kingdom of Heaven. - Not bad for an atheist, huh?

My appreciation of my 1992 \$80486 25Mz computer is of the same species as my appreciation of my 1983 VW Jetta. If the vehicle quits, I am fucked; hence - I am ever so pleased with it. As for the computer, the machine is a mind tool... and "SPEED" is RELATIVE - My brain is amazed with what my "so-called outmoded" machine does.

Why does my nephew and even assholes from my college classes make fun of me because I am operating on an old "486" with a 25Mz chip? Besides being evidence of my lack of cash, I see no reflection of my quality in the machine I own. Who cares? I

care - It disturbs me that what I worked so hard to protect and erect, is so thoughtlessly disregarded as trash and a waste of time.

I do appreciate this machine, but I get so frustrated. I could really go for some tobacco. I am glad to be getting out of the rehab / aftercare (an entire year later!)

I get very angry about addiction care treatment ... politics (bunking bag!) - - - I get sad sometimes. I often think

I am a geek, but at the same time I think most people are full of shit... like ultra religious, sanctimonious assholes who judge the entire world as evil just because the entire world is NOT under the control of some fucking imagined mythological existent.

I am sad. I turn to politics. I fight AA. I will fight UNF COMP.

57.04:00 >> disillusionment - to be free of illusion or conviction. I am disillusioned. Disillusionment is one of life's most fundamental experiences, at least for those who are willing to face their emotions. This is the happy sadness.

My slow 25Mz 486SX computer, in combination with my Orwellian lack of money, has got me disillusioned. I face my emotions honestly. I know I am a have-not, and even were I to become a have, this does not change the nature of not having. Yes, the word is disillusionment. I may be putting my unix skills to the test for lack of \$

565. 17.00 hrs >> I will open the computer up again.
I have an idea as about how to ~~more~~
configure the CD-ROM drive.

FACTS: ① The old IDE CD-ROM controller card
works at IDE port base address 170 (IRQ 15) but
the very same card does not work at 1e8 (IRQ 11).

I switched the jumpers to check, to verify.
~~My~~ ② The AZTPNP program that runs
in autoboot.bat tells me that the current sound
card resources (for CD-ROM) are at 1e8 IRQ 11,

(on the new sound card
for its IDE CD controller)

SOLUTION (IDEA FOR)

PLACE in CONFIG.SYS line:

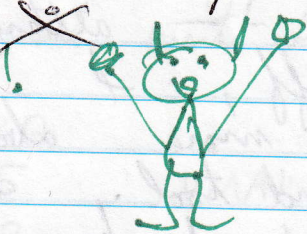
DEVICE = C:\MTM\MTMCDAL.SYS /D:MTMIDE01

add the following switches:

/P:1e8,11 (the default must be /P:170,15)

This test will involve a simple change in CONFIG.SYS
and the removal of old controller card —
connect IDE cable to present sound card.

SUCCESS !!! I found it!



SAVE as config.999 on diskette.

Now I do have a device for a ~~sounder~~ CD
player to give my sister — 2 actually.

I am so amazed with myself, I was
not just wasting time, I was really
on to something. Once again I
have learned something valuable through
the process of trial and error.

Time for a break.

ALL IS WELL. GOOD WORK!

I will give up
on the "Audio Station" recording of CD bits. I
have more important matters to attend to,
After installs, MASTER-COPIES, and CUSTOMIZATION!

7
201
1999001
A BUNDLE OF

PERCEPTUAL

PROCESSES

THINKS;

THEREFORE,

A BUNDLE OF

PERCEPTUAL

PROCESSES

~~ARE~~ / AM / IS

1999 003

SU 03 JAN

01:00 hrs >> I purchased SYSTEM COMMANDER.
 I will only be taking a few notes. I am
 Repartitioning the hard drive → * 512 MB C:
 * PRIMARY (LOGICAL) EXTENDED 255 MB D:
 (LOGICAL) 84 MB E:

I will have to try to boot up a version of
 DOS 5.0 later ... when I get back from Maryland,
 before I start the next term at college.

I will be able to run several operating
 systems at once (my nephew's idea). I
 will start with WINDOWS 95 (hence - DOS 6.22
 to WIN3.1 to Win 4.00.95). I will then
 expand a couple disks of DOS into a new OS
 in hopes of coming up with DOS 5.0.

My goal

A: ①	WINDOWS 95
B: ②	DOS 6.22 / WINDOWS 3.1
C: ③	DOS 6.0
D: ④	DOS 5.0
E: ⑤	

I hope to get the program - System Commander -
 in before the sun comes up. I will
 have to be careful between WINDOWS 3.1
 and WINDOWS 95. I will have to run
 DMCFIG (Disk Manager). SEE p. 273.

A NOTE about DISK MANAGER:
 P. Computers built before 1994 ~~are~~ have problems
 with hard drives over 500 MB, and - as
 difficult as it seems to fathom - my 850 MB
 hard drive is large for 1992.

I have to do this each time I install
 Windows 3.1 (see p. 273-274).

This time through (Before SC) will be
 quick (Express). After WIN3.1 is in and I
 run DMCFIG, I will set up Windows 95 and
 plus (NO DISK COMPRESSION UTILITIES!!!). Then, and
 and ONLY then, will I install SYSTEM COMMANDER.
 This is going to be FUN IN SPACE.

NOTE: PROBLEMS WITH WIN3.1 MASTERS II, USE OLD ONES

003. 01:30 hrs >> There is a problem I would like to get to the bottom of. Whenever I boot up the PC from diskette, I get a version 6.22 for DOS. I want to see a version 6.0. I want to use the TREE command, the FDISK command, SYS.COM, DOSKEY.COM, FORMAT, MORE even though /p is the same thing, FIND, SORT, MODE, SORT, etc. I think, with 'System Commander' keeping my OSes in tack, I may be able to experiment.

NOTE: My nephew is extremely PSYCHED about this powerful new dimension we are entering with C:\SC

as I have mentioned, I won't be getting into the details this time around. I have learned alot these past few weeks.

WIN95
- config.sys
WIN3.1
- command
- DOS 6.0
- DOS 5.0
- UNIX
etc

17:00 hrs >> Note about installing DMCFIG from On Track DM after changing WIN3.1 directory to \W31. DMCFIG looks for the WDCDRV.386 in Windows and finds Windows 95! It removed the driver as it is not needed by Windows 95. "Dumb Luck".

I checked the disk for DOC or TXT and found WDCDRV.DOC and, sure enough, I found a chue. MANUAL INSTALLATION PROCEDURE: ① Copy WDCDRV.386 to Windows directory - in my case C:\W31 ② edit SYSTEM.INI New: [386 Enh] OLD: [386 Enh] REM device = *wdcctrl device = c:\w31\wdcdrv

Problem (see p. 274). The CHANGE option in the virtual memory part of the 386 Enhanced section of Win3.1 Control Panel is not activated.

[386 Enh]

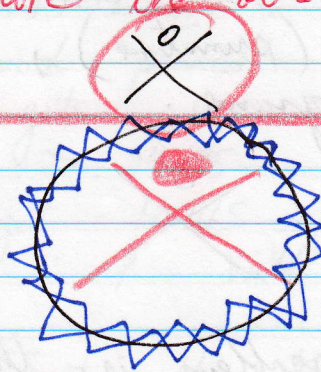
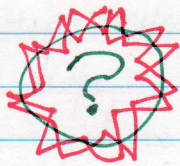
32BitDiskAccess = ON / OFF

device = *int13

device = C:\WDCDRV.386

and remove the other line.

I copied parts of system.999. It saved me HOURS of troubleshooting.



1998004

MO04 JAN

00:30 hrs >> I don't see how I could ask any more of myself as far as what I have done with my PC goes - as far as my resources go. My greatest resource is my brain. I don't have any money.

All is well. All sounds are functional in both WINDOWS 95 as well as WINDOWS 3.1. The system commander has been installed successfully in just the nick of time. I leave for Maryland in 4 hours. I will sleep in the truck - a 6 hour drive.

I am sure my nephew is happy with his OSes working together. I can help him with the adjustments when I return. I left him the SC manual, the Drive manual, etc. When I return to New Jersey, I will contact DVR. I am psyched for this C++.

A BUNDLE OF NERVES

1999009

X

SA09 JAN

16:00 hrs >> I, my organism, was attacked by a virus at around midnight. The most insane images raced through my mind all night. Computer and math related streams of information gave me no rest. I tossed and turned, I sweat, and I had the chills.

By morning I was up walking around, trying to find a cool spot in the house. By noon I showered then lay in my bed naked drying off. I could drink no coffee or eat any food whatsoever. I could not write. I did drink plenty of orange juice.

By 4PM I dress and am ready to drive over to CVS for my LITHIUM. I may try to drink a cup of coffee. I don't know. This stomach virus has been kicking my ass. I am extremely weak.

As for intellectual pursuits, I may try some basic Calculus routines when I get in.

X

21:15 hrs >> I went to CVS to pick up my LITHIUM, and while I was there I purchased some COLA SYRUP. I also made photocopies of my Transcript (grades): 3 more CRHH = A's. I was able to get down steak and rice -

and my strength is starting to return. Now that my computer is back together and up and running, I can put it to use. I will go through the Calculus software. I will document each phase. This will add color to COMING AROUND FULL CIRCLE.

Note: Sometime soon write Grandma Hentrich a letter. Emily Hentrich 9 Fair Street Deposit, NY 13754-1338

I was surprised at how weak I had become due to the VIRUS. I may do a few exercises of Calculus in 13F *next. I may go on the internet and choose Newsgroups.

I have to see my college experience in perspective. The subject matter of computer science and higher mathematics is more intellectual than the material studied by the administrators and politicians of the Park Service and the Department of Labor and the Department of Corrections. I do not take for granted the TRAINING I am receiving. There's so much more I can be than a maintenance worker at the local park.

Like Karl Marx or George Orwell I am able to devote myself to higher intellectual pursuits even though I am broke. Perhaps history shall be kind to me.

This virus that I am only now getting over had a bizarre effect on my psychological state. When the body is weak, the higher mental faculties do not function properly. I could make sense of nothing that went on in my head, and yet my mind was racing. There was a tremendous amount of mental activity going on in between my ears during the viral attack. I am so disconnected.

018. 13:30 Computer programming and computing-related tasks are very brainy sorts of behaviours, and herein lies a paradox for the student barely getting by financially. Brains do not imply riches of the monetary kind, I get so very depressed not simply from lack of work and lack of money, but even more so because I am not at all motivated to find money. I have discipline when it comes to my studies or the repairing of my pc, but when it comes to finding a part time job, I shudder. I hate serving.

I am sure I will enjoy employing my skills serving as a computer scientist, but that is altogether different than serving as a sweeper of floors, a flipper of hamburgers, or a pumper of gas - all I have is my brainy life, and it does not pay cash - yet my brainy pursuits compensate for my lack of funds, for my lack of a "real life".

I sometimes daydream of having a position with a company that affords me the luxuries of driving a new Volkswagen Passat, flying to Europe to sleep with whores, and just to basically live the life of an overaged cyberpunk whose day has come. Perhaps I will even meet an equally obscure female, and we will, er, uh - breed.

Today, none of these daydreams can give me relief from the stress that is the fear of being eaten alive before making it out of shark infested waters. It is better to swim like hell than to find solace in the thought of land. I am living from week to week, but this college education will be my bridge to LAND HO,

15:00

I had a long day with school, probation, and then another trip to CVS. As I accomplished a lot in DS yesterday, I think I will relax this evening, medicate my organism, and try to start the Anthropology project.
But first:

$$x = \frac{-b + \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

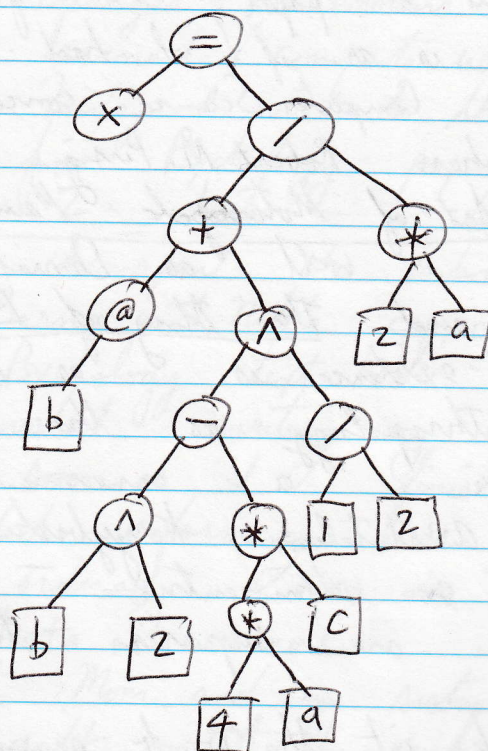
With parenthesis in infix form:

$$x = (((-b) + ((b^2) - ((4*a)*c)))^{(1/2)}) / (2*a)$$

postfix $b @ b 2 ^ 4 a * c * - 1 2 / \wedge + 2 a * / x =$

pre fix $= x / + @ b ^ - ^ b 2 ** 4 a c / 1 2 * 2 a$

tree:



I would rather solve more problems like the above, but I am inclined to pay attention to Anthropology and Psychology over the next few days lest I fall behind in these essentially "easy" courses. I will sit up in bed and think → brainstorm. All in all, a head cold really puts me in my place. I am one of many.

1999089

TH 30 MFR

07:30 That's it. Get back in the habit of writing again. Just a few lines at a clip will do. I doesn't have to be about Calculus or Computer Science.

Coffee is good. The first cigarette of the day in the car on the way to school is good. Thoughts of Ira Levin's "This Perfect Day". Not much on the book or the internet.

Perhaps I am dissatisfied with life. How can this be? I accept the complexities of life, and I accept the human condition. I no longer find release in street drugs. I am tired of the imagined "public" world that watches me, just tired judging each and all.

I want to discover a WAY of PERCEIVING normal every moment-to-moment existence with NEW EYES. So much is in perception. LIFE ITSELF is weird, strange, creepy-crawling. It is not me personally to be labelled a psycho by the "public world".

What other world is there but the subjective? And is not THE PRESENCE of LIFE just as real all over the universe from world to world?

I have to run.

Good session.

Do this again tomorrow morning.

Perhaps we really are coming around full circle. My mantra for today will be: become one with the weirdness of life; embrace the creepy universe. Behold the electro-chemical processes.

Finally rise above ... transcend ... the mental habit of comparing "self" to "others", LIFE is real. Life is weird. SELF is life.

VITO J. MINICHI NI, JR? III?

SEPTEMBER 13, 1966

MAY 5, 1999

"Working Through The Doubts and Fears"
dedicated to Billy.

L3E: Cybergnostic Mutant (L57)
dedicated to Vito J. Minichini
and to his family (my brother-in-law's family)
for their loss - P. 465 + 456 left blank in honor of Billy.

for West Coast - p. 465 + 456 left blank in honor of Billy.

in memory of Vito J. Minichini Jr. (III?)

Sept 1966 - May 5, 1999

(FUNNY?)
19991
It seems as though there is meaning in this volume's theme, cybergnostic mutant. There are parallels between alchemists and the "cybernaut computers adepts" of which I am one. Both employ knowledge of an arcana unknown to the population at large, with secret symbols and words of power. The "secret symbols" comprise the languages of computers and mathematics, and "words of power" instruct computer operating systems to complete awesome tasks. Knowing the name of something allows one to conjure it into existence. Rites of initiation or apprenticeship are common to both.

This explains the feeling I have that I am a Wizard Apprentice, that I am learning secret symbols and words of power unknown to the population at large, that I am becoming a priest of an elite class of life on the planet.

My visions of alien intelligence taking over the human race - visions I experienced on LSD at age 17 - are no longer terrifying. I have become a vessel for intelligence; in fact, the body and brain are the vessel. The "I" is in fact the intelligence itself.

This explains why "having fun" is not a priority to me. I am too wrapped up in learning the secret symbols of computer science and mathematics to be concerned about having a "healthy social life". To having "nothing to do" does not present a crisis, but only an opportunity to allow the DNA to explore deeper into that which interests it. The female my vessel mates with may also be a mutant.

I am neither "Asian" nor "American" nor "a scholar" nor a "geek/nerd" nor an "alcoholic" nor an "ex-convict" nor a "man with a police record" nor "Sherry Nevalis's X-" nor "the guy from MBSP who used to live in the Tank House who smoked crack, had sex with an insane black woman and got arrested after screaming out his car window about how the fucking Jews are robbing us blind". I am none of these things. These are behaviors, events, attributes — NOT ESSENCE — NOT organism-as-a-whole.

I am a monkey-like being who tends to isolate itself from the herd. This is also an attribute. Whatever I can write — whatever statement I can make describing my behavior, attributes, or quality are NOT my essence...

And so I walk outside to reread these past few pages, stare at the moon and stars, pace like a gorilla in a cage, return upstairs, read about The History of IT, and then sleep.

Although these words may be a time-binding mechanism to be unfrozen one day in another brain, there is a purpose in verbalization right here right now. It has to do with NOT BEING ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE — having a companion within the skin — hello brain... Yes, you are making marks on wood-ness with ink-ness. The form of the scribble has MEANING — sending off electro-chemical reactions in the organism-as-a-whole.

The purpose of these logbooks is to realize that "TOGETHERNESS IS AN INNER EXPERIENCE". One need not be alone to feel lonely, and solitude is the ONLY WAY any creature experiences reality.

1999:148

FR28MAY

01:30 I think I will sleep on it as far as deciding on how to format Interludes. I don't think I have to go too many levels into each subtopic. I really want to write like Cioran, but there are no books by him even from Barnes and Noble. It is time to look Cioran up on the internet.

02:00 not much to go on ... "When he (Emil Cioran) was 20, insomnia brought him to the edge of suicidal thoughts."

"In youth I always thought of death" Cioran. This side of his temperament brings him closer to Nietzsche: "We are both spirits tortured by insomnia."

Since his adolescence, a "global discomfort" has installed in his life a feeling of boredom as "the opened wound of his life". He always wrote under the power of melancholic sleepless nights.

"Everything I wrote is some kind of therapy." Among the Germans, Cioran feels attracted to Schopenhauer and Nietzsche. From literature Dostoevski profoundly influenced him.

The Temptation To Exist: available at The Princeton University Store 36 University Place Princeton NJ 08540 1.609.921.0850

How odd it is that one of my favorite authors is so obscure, and millions rush out to see Lucas' Star Wars 1999! I am fortunate to be so uncommon. I rejoice that I am not born into a family that runs a Pizza Place. I promise to write in the spirit of Cioran. This logbook comes to a close, but this stream of